By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other.
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As *I* am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp,
About a droheſie which ſaies that G.
Of Eedwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Here Clarence comes, *a guard of men.*
Brother, good day es, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower.
But what is the matter Clarence may I know?
Cla. Yea Richard when *I* know, for *I* proteſt
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he.
Theſe as *I* learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee
That tempts him to this extremitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence, we are not ſafe,